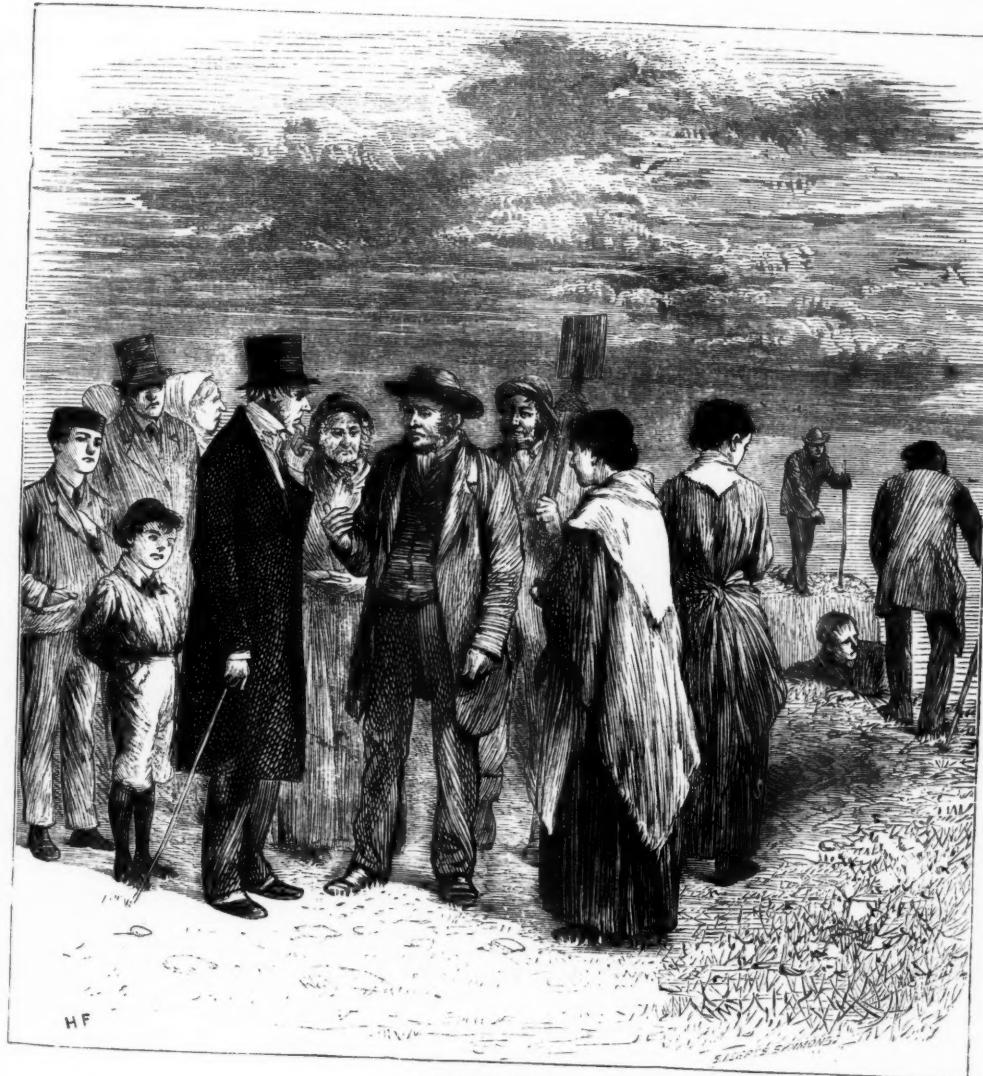


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Couper.*



A SECOND ALARM.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XV.—SAMPHIRE.

I begin shrewdly to suspect the young man of a terrible taint—Poetry.

—Ben Jonson.

TWO or three days later there was a whole holiday at Abbotscliff. One of the elder boys had gained a scholarship at Oxford, and the event was to be celebrated in this manner. There was to be a cricket match between the past and present, the for-

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mer fellows and those now in the school. The first eleven only played in the match, and the juniors amused themselves as they chose, some of them getting up a match of their own, while others went bathing or strolled along the coast looking for crabs or fossils. There was a naturalists' field club in the college, of which many of the elder boys were members. The object of it was to prosecute the study of natural history, to collect specimens, botanical and geological, to observe the habits of birds, beasts, and

PRICE ONE PENNY.

fishes, and to keep a journal of meteorological phenomena. One boy had a rain gauge, and could tell how many inches had fallen since the term began, and how many Wednesdays and Saturdays had been wet; upon the strength of which the boys were able to make a touching appeal to the head master now and then for an extra half-holiday. Another possessed a valuable microscope, and was constantly seeking objects for inspection in the bread-and-butter and the coffee-grounds. Another had made an electrical machine, and gave his schoolfellows shocks when they were least expecting them; so that science was greatly promoted. There were botanists among the number, who carried large sandwich-boxes, as the younger boys irreverently called them, strapped upon their backs; and geologists with hammers, with which they chipped off bits of rock, or even the corners of stone buttresses, trying the temper of their tools and of the owners of the buttresses simultaneously. At the end of each term the naturalists, or "naturals," as the country people called them for shortness, gave a conversazione, and read papers, and drank coffee, and enjoyed themselves and edified each other in a rational and scientific manner.

Tom Howard, with two or three companions, employed the morning of their holiday in studying the natural history of crabs and periwinkles, and wandered a long way over the low rocks covered with seaweed which extended nearly a quarter of a mile from the foot of the cliffs when the tide was out. With their trousers rolled up tightly above the knee, and their shoes full of water, they clambered about, slipping sometimes into crevices, or falling headlong into pools of saltwater, and enjoying themselves generally, until they were two or three miles from home, when they sat down under the cliffs to rest and to review their stores.

One of the elder boys, a monitor, had, as it chanced, already taken up a position near the spot which they selected, but they knew him to be a good-natured sort of fellow, and were not anxious to avoid him.

"Look at Diver," said one of them; "he is at it again."

Diver had a book in his hand, and was quietly absorbed in it. Diver was not a "natural" but a poet, which is quite a different thing, of course. He appeared to be entranced with his book, but rose presently like one in a dream, and strode to and fro upon the sand, chopping the air with his hand and making a variety of gestures, suggested, it may be presumed, by the volume he was reading.

"What is he doing?" Tom asked.

"Spouting; reciting. He does not see us; keep quiet and look at him."

Diver presently mounted a fragment of rock about six feet high, and shading his eyes with his hands, stood leaning over the brink of it, as if peering down into unfathomable depths. Then his voice was heard husky with emotion.

" How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice!"

Here some of the boys began to squeak, and Diver

heard them. He coloured, put the book in his pocket, and came towards them.

"It's 'King Lear,'" he said; "at least, it's Glo'ster. It's a pity you fellows don't read it for yourselves; you don't know what you lose. You don't understand it, and of course cannot appreciate it."

"Did you write it yourself, Diver?" one of them asked, slyly.

"No," he said; "not this. This is very fine, though you may not think it; at least, it is generally considered so. It may not be exactly what you may call poetry, because it does not rhyme, with the exception of a couplet here and there,—

"Rats and mice and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for many a year."

That's real poetry, if you like. That is one of the best bits in the play, I think."

The boys looked at one another, but they thought Diver, being a poet himself, ought to know all about it, and adopted his criticism without further question.

"What is samphire?" one of them asked; he was a "natural," recently elected.

"Samphire? Oh, it's a plant that grows on the cliff," another natural made answer.

"Half-way down," Diver suggested.

"Yes, and everywhere; there's lots of it about. It is good to eat, you know."

"Let us gather some of it to boil with our crabs," said one.

The proposal met with general favour, and the boys, resuming their walk, ascended by a pathway cut in the side of the cliffs, and gathered a quantity of leaves from a plant which was pointed out to them by one of the *savants* as being the right thing. They got tired of carrying it, however, before they reached home, and threw it away again, retaining only a specimen for somebody's collection. They did not find the smell of it in its natural state at all inviting; probably it was a kind of lousewort that they had got hold of.

"I don't believe it is samphire," one of them said; "it smells very disagreeable; it is not worth keeping."

"Dreadful trade!" another repeated. "You see the force and beauty of those words now, don't you?"

"I am sorry, though," said Chaffin, who had now joined the party, to little Martin, who was lagging behind, tired with his walk; "I am sorry they have thrown it all away; I have heard Mr. Grantly say how fond he is of samphire, and this was the right thing, no doubt. It would have been quite different when cooked. I have a great mind to go back and gather some."

"Are you sure it is samphire, though?" Martin asked, looking at him with suspicion.

"Quite sure; I have often gathered it. Grantly would give anything for it, I know; it is his favourite dish. If I wanted to get into favour with Grantly I should go and gather a lot of it and boil it in my study, and put it on the table at supper-time before him for a surprise. He would be so pleased."

"Why don't you go and do it, then?" said Martin.

"It's too much trouble. Besides, I am not so fond of Grantly as some of you chaps are."

Martin could not help wishing that he had brought

some of the samphire with him. The other boys had said it was samphire, and they evidently thought so, else he would not have trusted much to what Chaffin told him. He was silent and thoughtful all the rest of the way home, and often looked back towards the cliff where the "samphire" grew.

That evening at tea-time Martin was absent; no one had seen him since the morning; no one had any idea what had become of him. He had come back to dinner with his companions, and had gone out again soon afterwards; that was all that any one could tell about him. As it wanted yet nearly an hour to "lock-up," Howard and two other boys walked towards the shore, thinking they might meet the young truant and hasten him home, as it was to be feared he might get into trouble for absenting himself at meal-times and staying out so late. On the way they met Diver; he had again been wandering "along the margin of the much-sounding sea," as young Hall, who had lately been "put into" Homer, and who was proud of his erudition, poetically expressed it.

"You had better go back, you fellows," said Diver.

This from a monitor was equivalent to a command, but Tom ventured to reply. Young Martin, he said, was missing, and they were looking for him.

"Martin?" said Diver; "do you mean Swallow? I saw him this afternoon going towards the cliff, soon after dinner. Has he not been back since then?"

"No," said Tom. "I think we may as well go on a little farther; we will take care to be in before lock-up."

"Swallow can find his way home without your help," said Diver. "Mind you are not late yourselves, or it will be the worse for you."

He left them, and they ran on. One of them remembered then that Martin had said something about the samphire, regretting that he had not gathered it.

"I don't believe it was samphire at all," said another of the party. "But I saw that fellow Chaffin talking to young Swallow after we had thrown the stuff away. I should not wonder if he has been 'greening' him again."

"Swallow is so soft anybody may green him; he believes anything you say, if you only tell him you are in earnest."

"The greater shame it is to deceive him," said Tom. "No boy who has any sense or spirit would do such a thing. Here is where the stuff grows. It is not samphire though, I know. Hullo!"

Tom Howard's feet slipped from under him as he spoke, and that caused him to utter the ejaculation. The grass was very slippery, and he found himself gliding swiftly towards the edge of the cliff, the ground sloping rapidly in that direction. It was with difficulty that he could stop himself by digging his fingers into the dry turf, and then it required a great deal of care and caution to crawl back on his hands and knees to a place of safety. The two boys who were with him laughed at first, but the next moment they turned pale with terror, and watched him, breathless and in silence, until he got near them: then they joined hands and stretched out a welcome grip for him to clasp.

"It's lucky for you you did not go right over the cliff," said one of them.

"Lucky! well, I hardly knew there was any danger, but I see it now; but don't call it lucky."

They knew what he meant, and though at another time they might have smiled at his earnestness, they were able now to enter into his feelings, and were silent.

"It was not luck," said Tom, not satisfied to let the matter rest so. "I would not venture down that slope again for anything you could offer me. If it had not been for that stone sticking up there, and my foot coming against it, I should have been lying dead on the beach at this moment. Thank God for putting it there."

"Oh, I say," cried Hall, in a husky voice, at this moment, "I say—young Martin—do you think—is it possible that he may have been here?"

They stood still and looked at each other, not venturing to give expression to the horrible fears which took possession of them all three in the same moment.

"Run round to yonder point and look down," said Tom. "There is a Providence above for him as well as for me, but accidents do happen."

They went together as quickly as they could, and reached a projecting part of the land, from which they could look down with safety to the shore, and to the face of the cliff just underneath the treacherous slope. No; there was nothing to be seen below. It was a great depth, to be sure, and everything looked small at such a distance. Still, they must have been able, they thought, to discern the form of their school-fellow upon the shore if he had fallen.

"A false alarm," said Hall. "I breathe again," as Diver would say. I know what the expression means now."

"Hush!" cried Tom, who was lying on his breast with his head projecting over the brow of the cliff. "Hush! listen! hark!"

They listened intently, but could hear nothing unusual. Tom whistled twice or thrice. Immediately afterwards a cry was heard coming, as it seemed, from the face of the cliff, a feeble wail or moan.

"I see him," cried Tom. "There; a little way down—only a little way; lying on the ledge there: that was his Providence. He cannot be much hurt, if at all; but oh, what a place for him to lie on! If he should stir hard or foot he might fall, and be dashed to pieces; and he is so timid, and turns giddy directly when he looks down from a height."

"What is to be done?" cried Hall.

"Run home and tell Dr. Piercy and Mr. Grantly," cried his companion.

"Yes," said Tom; "and there is a farmhouse not far off, Hudson's farm; go there one of you; tell them to send men and ropes and everything they can think of. Make all the haste you can. I will stay here and try to encourage poor little Martin, if I can do it without startling him. I don't think he can be much hurt, but if he should move he might be killed in a moment."

The two boys started off at full speed, not sorry that their errand should call them away from the spot where such a terrible catastrophe seemed to be imminent. If Martin should fall from the narrow ledge on which he lay, it would be an awful sight to witness. Howard was the best to stay and watch him. Howard was the best at everything. So they said to themselves, as they ran off, bracing themselves as best they could for their task, which was not an easy one, for their knees trembled and their breath had begun again to fail them. But they got the better of that as they ran on.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

Meantime Tom Howard, first by whistling and then by a few quiet words, succeeded in attracting poor little Martin's attention; but the child did not move nor look up nor make any articulate reply. He was lying on his face, just as he had fallen, his body being slightly bent over the curve of the ledge or rock, and but for the effort which he made to cry out in answer to Tom's hail, it might have been supposed that he was lifeless. Tom took the bearings of his position as accurately as he could, and noticed particularly the form of the cliff just above where the child was lying, that he might be able to direct those who should come to the rescue where to go and how to proceed. Then he waited with great impatience for the expected help from the farm. It was not long in coming, but it seemed to be an age. Three men and two or three women appeared running to the spot, Hall leading them. They had a waggon-rope with them, the only one that they could find; a crowbar, an axe, a spade, and two or three other things which they had caught up without reflection, and which did not promise to be of much utility.

"It was a simple thing of Dick," every one said, "to bring a spade and an axe; but no wonder he was a little off his head. Dick had not much thought at the best of times."

"How are we to get at un?" one of the men asked, when they had inspected the ground. Tom explained exactly how the poor child was lying, for they could not see him without leaning over the cliff, as he had done, and none of them liked to do that.

"Can he help himself if we let the rope down?"

"No; certainly not."

"Somebody must go over, then!"

They knew that from the first, but did not like to contemplate it. The three men stood and looked at each other, fingering the rope nervously.

"I'll go," said Tom, observing their hesitation. "I can manage it. I'll go." He threw off his jacket and his hat, clasped his hands together, and remained standing for a few moments with eyes closed and head slightly inclined forward; then said again, "I'm ready now. I'll go."

CHAPTER XVI.—IN F'ARL.

Alone by night, a little chil',
In place so silent and so wild.

—Coleridge.

THE little group who had observed the simple act of piety of young Tom Howard, by which he prepared for the dangerous task that he had undertaken, stood for a moment silent; then seeing that he had taken hold of the rope and was winding it round his arm, one of the men suddenly interposed.

"Let be," he said. "You are not going over the cliff, not you."

"Yes," said Tom, quietly. "I'm going."

"Not you," said the man again.

"Who then? Somebody must do it."

"You shan't, anyhow."

"I'm used to climbing. I am never giddy. I am not afraid," said Tom. "I'll go."

"I tell ye ye shan't."

"Don't hinder me," Tom exclaimed; "every moment is of consequence."

"There's time enough," said the man, glancing timorously over the cliff and turning very pale. "I don't see as there's much danger, lads, if you can manage the rope."

"I wouldn't trust much to that rope," said one of the farm men. "It's an old one, and was never made for such a job as that."

"The rope will stand," said the other. "Can you hold it?"

"We can hold it if we can only be footsure; but it's too slippery for anything down there."

"Hold it up here, then." His voice faltered as he spoke, and taking the rope out of Tom's hand he began with trembling fingers to make a slip-knot in the end of it.

"What is John going to do?" cried one of the women, approaching him in haste.

"Go you home, Kitty," said John, giving her a lingering kiss. "Go and get something hot and comfortable for the lad when we bring him to you safe and sound."

"John, dear, you are never going over there; you shan't. You are not fit for it. You are all of a shake. Think of the children. Oh, John, you won't do it; you shan't; you shan't." She clung to him resolutely, but sobbing all the while. "Think of them children, John; Teddy, and Billy, and May."

"He has got a mother, too, I suppose," John answered, jerking his head towards the spot where Martin was supposed to be lying; "and a father somewhere, mayhap," and again kissing his wife affectionately he tried to disengage himself from her embraces.

Tom took advantage of this scene, and quietly taking the rope again, put the loop which had been formed over his head and under his arms.

"Now," said he to the other men, "lower away gently."

"Never," cried John. "It would be a life's shame to any man to let that child go over there."

"He has pluck enough," said one of the other men, "and that's the chief thing in a case like this. The rope, too, will bear his weight better than it would yours."

"Lower away, I tell you," cried Tom, beginning already to glide down the slope; "lower away carefully and slowly."

"He can climb like anything," said Hall, who had more confidence in Tom toward than in the pale and nervous, though courageous, farmer. "If you had seen him go down the spout at our boarding-house you would say so."

"Lower away!" cried our hero once again. By this time he was at the very edge of the cliff and looking over it, as if the precipice had been only five or six feet in depth, instead of as many hundreds. "Let somebody go round to the point yonder and watch, and sing out when to stop and when to pull up again."

"Go there, John; that's your place," cried Kitty, urging her man towards the spot indicated; and the brave-hearted farmer, finding that he could really be of service there, yielded, though not without reluctance and emotion.

Tom was lowered in safety to the spot where Martin was lying, but there was very little standing-room for him when he reached it. It was a projecting rock, uneven, rising up in the middle, like a large pack-saddle, and it was clear that if Martin had not fallen across it in the position in which he then lay, he would have slipped away from it again immediately. He scarcely moved when Tom alighted near him, and only moaned when spoken to, clinging with one hand to a root of some wild shrub which

grew there, and clasping in the other a bunch of the supposed samphire, which he had evidently been in the act of gathering at the moment of his fall.

Tom spoke to him encouragingly, and proceeded to divest himself of the rope, in order that he might place it under the child's arms, for after the report of it which he had heard he dared not trust it to carry them both at once. The rope could easily be lowered a second time, he thought, and he could remain upon the ledge meanwhile. He was excited by his adventure and did not feel any alarm. It was indeed an awful precipice to look down into; but a mist had crept over the shore, and the depth was partly concealed. He had some difficulty in passing the line under the boy's arms, for he clung instinctively to the rock, and dreaded any disturbance of his position upon it; but it was accomplished at last, and with a loop under his shoulder and a long end hanging down, by which Tom could help to steady the burden from below, there was not much doubt but it would reach the top of the cliff in safety. Tom had seen spars sent aloft in this fashion at sea, and scaffold-poles on shore, so he gave the signal to "haul up easy," and planting his own feet as firmly as he could upon the rock, with his back inclined against the cliff, he watched the child's ascent, and directed it with all his care, until the summit was reached. Meanwhile the spade, which simple Dick had brought with him, had been turned to unexpected account. One of the men had cut steps in the slippery turf, by which the edge of the slope might be approached, and strong arms were waiting there to receive the boy and to assist his landing.

Tom, looking up, saw with a feeling of intense relief the object of his care disappear over the edge of the cliff, and knew that he was safe; but at that very moment a great mass of earth, dislodged by those above, fell round about him; a portion of it struck him on the shoulder, and in the effort he made to avoid it, he lost his footing and fell! Quick as lightning—quicker, perhaps—the conviction flashed through his mind that his last moment was come. But his fall, though, under the circumstances, so perilous and alarming, was, in effect, almost nothing; for he caught hold of the rock with his hands, and after hanging from it for a moment, recovered his position, and sat astride upon it, breathless, indeed, and panting, but not less securely than before. The anxiety of those who had watched him from the projecting point, and who had given him up for lost, was relieved, and they waited with feverish impatience to see the rope again lowered before any fresh catastrophe should occur.

"I'll go down this time," said Hudson. "I must and will."

But he was easily dissuaded. The boy who had nerve enough to do what Tom had done would require no help for himself. They must send the rope down to him; that would be sufficient; to do more would embarrass him, and perhaps expose him to fresh dangers. The edge of the cliff was evidently very loose, and the less they approached it the better. It was dangerous for those above, and still more so for the little hero perched upon the rock below. It was getting dark too. Evening had closed in while they were busy, and the spot on which all their interest centred could no longer be distinctly seen from their point of observation. They would have waited for more efficient help, but every moment was precious. So the rope was lowered again with a stone

attached to it to give it steadiness; lowered and drawn up repeatedly, falling always to the left or the right, or somewhere out of reach of the poor boy who sat waiting for it, and who could not stir from his narrow ledge, nor make any effort to grasp it beyond stretching out his arms vainly towards it.

Matters were in this state when Dr. Piercy arrived from Abbotscliff, accompanied by many of the elder boys, and by some of the masters, Mr. Grantly among them. The first object that met their view was little Martin sitting on the turf, surrounded by the women from the farm, who were taking great care of him, and vainly trying to satisfy his inquiries about his friend Tom Howard. He was himself un-hurt, and rose to meet the doctor when he approached.

"So then," cried Dr. Piercy, greatly relieved, "you are rescued. Well, you have given us a pretty alarm. Not hurt, I hope? But sit down again. We must find a conveyance presently to take you home."

The boy was trembling violently, and threw himself upon the ground, lamenting and sobbing.

"Poor boy! it has been a great shock to his nerves," said the doctor. "But what are they doing yonder?"

"There's another down there now," one of the men replied in husky tones. "They have only changed places, and it don't seem as if they could get him up, as they did this one."

"Who is it?" Mr. Grantly asked.

"Howard. Tom Howard!" little Martin exclaimed with a passionate burst of sorrow.

"He would go down," the man continued, "to fetch this here lad up, and now there's no getting the rope to reach him. It's dark too, and there has been a fall of earth, and they are obliged to be careful."

The doctor, who had felt immensely relieved at the first sight of Martin safe and sound, now grew doubly anxious, and went from group to group asking questions, until he had made himself master of the situation.

"I have sent to the coastguard station," he said. "Some men will be here directly; we had better wait for them."

"We must wait, I am afraid," said Hudson. "We are groping in the dark; doing no good, and in danger every moment of throwing down the loose stuff from the edge of the cliff upon him. There goes another clump; Lord help him!"

They stood still and listened, shuddering and breathless. The rustling of the soil was heard as it rolled down the face of the cliff and then bounded away into the depths below; and when that had ceased, a faint cry came back out of the gloom and darkness: "All right—thank God," it said—"All right." The first accents were audible only to one or two of quicker hearing and instinct than the rest; but the last words, "All right," were louder and sharper, and fell upon every ear, clear, though tremulous.

The coastguard-men were soon upon the spot, and a consultation was held. "They could do nothing in the dark," they said; "the moon would rise soon after midnight, and if the night should be clear—of which they were doubtful, for the wind was moaning from the south, and a few drops of rain had begun to fall—they might do something then. It was dangerous working in the dark, not for themselves, they did not mean that, but for the poor lad, on

account of the crumbling soil above him. It was a dreadful situation for him; he must be a 'good plucked one' to have ventured down there to save another boy, and to call out so bravely and cheerfully in the midst of his peril. But pluck would not hold out long in a child like that, only twelve years of age. Lord help him!"

"Make fires," Mr. Grantly cried, "pull down the fences, burn anything and everything; something must be done to keep heart in the boy. The best man that ever lived would get cowed before long, alone in such peril, and in darkness. Keep up a good blaze yonder where the cliff stands forward. We may be able to work by it and fetch him up at once."

The hint was acted upon immediately, and now the axe came into use, to the great delight of the "simpleton" who had brought it. In a short time two large fires were kindled, and the light falling upon the face of the cliff, and flickering away into the bottomless depths of darkness down below, rendered the scene more weird and, if possible, more terrible than before. It served, however, to show the group of anxious spectators the object of their care still seated quietly astride upon the projecting crag, as if it had been a saddle, his hands resting upon the pommel, and his head thrown back, in order to preserve the equilibrium, or, perhaps, to avoid looking down into the great gulf over which he hung. He scarcely moved, and for anything they could tell to the contrary, might have been asleep or insensible. But he was neither the one nor the other. He had passed through a great agony during the last half-hour. His courage had failed him; he had become "cowed," as Mr. Grantly had anticipated, and was still under the influence of an almost overwhelming terror. The repeated failure of every effort to bring the rope within his reach had at first excited his alarm, and the darkness, which interrupted those attempts, together with the silence which followed, and the cold drizzling rain which had now set in, combined to oppress him with a horrible sense of loneliness and misery. He felt himself cut off from all human help. There was nothing that his fingers could take hold of to give him any feeling of security. If he could have grasped the rock with his hands, if he could have clutched a rope or a spar between his fingers, he would have felt comparatively safe; but there was between him and death nothing but the bare smooth rock on which he sat. Before him was darkness and space; below him an unfathomable gulf, with the dreary, melancholy sound of breakers dashing against the rocks, and serving only by their distant echo to indicate the depth that yawned beneath his feet. Behind him was the rock, upright, pitiless, impenetrable; an eternal wall set up, as it seemed to him, between himself and every living creature. How would it be possible for any one to approach him, or to offer him the means of deliverance? The very attempt to do so was fraught with danger. He heard a distant clock strike ten, and counted the hours which must elapse before the dawn, and felt that it would be impossible for him to live through such an age. He would lose consciousness; his strength would fail; already he fancied he was swaying from side to side upon his seat, unable any longer to maintain himself upright. Presently, he thought, his arms would give way, he should fall forward, and in a moment all would be

over. It seemed, too, as if by some strange fascination, he was being continually drawn nearer and nearer to his doom. He dreaded it with inexpressible terror, but felt as if he must yield to it. His head swam; and although he remained, in fact, glued to the rock with all his physical strength, he fancied more than once that he was already gliding away from it, and falling into the unseen depths below.

From this dreadful state of depression he was aroused by the sight of new objects on the cliffs near him. Lights were moving to and fro, and presently bright flames shot up from heaps of gorse and brushwood which had been hastily collected. Then he could see figures, some of which seemed familiar to him; and presently he so far recovered himself as to recognise the forms of Dr. Piercey and Mr. Grantly. He heard their voices calling to him, encouraging him, and promising him a speedy rescue, and then he saw them hasten away to make fresh efforts for his deliverance. But they could not succeed in doing anything, and a fresh fall of earth and stones, as they trod about in the semi-obscure near the edge of the cliff, warned them again to desist. The boy had gained fresh courage, however; the sight and sound of so many gathered near him served to dissipate the gloom which had almost overcome him; he was able to lift up his thoughts once more towards heaven, and to rest in the assurance that, by the providence of God, help, though long delayed, would come at last.



SHEFFIELD.

I.



THE traveller who approaches the town of Sheffield in busy times is greeted by a dense cloud of smoke, which veils a good portion of it from the view, and which the prevailing wind, blow from what quarter it may, is ineffectual to disperse. Surrounded by hills of no great elevation, it is situated in a most picturesque district, where the West Riding of Yorkshire borders on Derbyshire. Several small rivers flow into one at this spot. They are the Loxley, the Don, the Rivelin, the Porter, and the Sheaf, from which last the town derives its name. All these streams are or have been much utilised as water-power. The district of which Sheffield is the centre has borne from time immemorial the name of Hallamshire, and there is an old tradition which says that a flourishing and populous city once stood on the banks of the Rivelin, that Hallam was its Saxon name, and that it was destroyed by William the Conqueror. The tradition has no other countenance, however, than the single fact that Earl Walltheof, the last Saxon lord of the manor of Hallam, conspired against the Conqueror, and was by him put to death.

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At the beginning of the fifteenth century the Hallam estates passed by marriage to the ancient family of the Shrewsburys, the first earl of whom was the famous fighting Talbot, immortalised by Shakespeare. The Manor of Sheffield was built by George, fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, who was here the custodian of Cardinal Wolsey, who remained in his charge during the time of his disgrace previous to his last journey to Leicester Abbey, where he died. In 1568 the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury received from Lord Scrope the charge of Mary Queen of Scots, who here endured an imprisonment of fourteen years, the earl not being relieved of his guardianship until 1584.

The Castle of Sheffield, built in the reign of Henry III, and of which scarcely anything now remains, was seized and garrisoned by the Parliamentarians in the Civil War. The Earl of Newcastle, however, dispersed the garrison and took possession of the place, but was in his turn defeated by the Parliamentarians under Crawford, and compelled to surrender. The Parliament confiscated the estates, which, through failure of the Talbot line, had passed to the Howards, but in 1648 they were restored to their owner, the then Earl of Arundel. At the same time the castle was dismantled, and both that and the manor house were allowed to fall into decay. The Duke of Norfolk is the present owner of the estates, which have enormously increased in value owing to the increase of manufactures on the soil.

To trace this growth and progress of Sheffield industry would be to write not a volume merely, but many volumes. We have space but for a brief and hasty glance. It is known from authentic records that furnaces and forges were active in the district as far back as the reign of Henry II; and that Sheffield cutlery was prized in Chaucer's time, who wrote about 1350, we know from his mention of the "Shefeld thwytel," or "whittle," in his "Canterbury Tales." We know also, from equally good authority, that industry in that day was in fetters, and not allowed to work for its own advantage, seeing that the great lords and landowners tyrannised over it, and when it suited their purpose would shut up forge and furnace for a month together, and impress the workmen to labour on their farms. Of course no industry could permanently thrive under such insane control, and the Sheffield cutlers, clever though they were, led but a languishing life, and were often reduced to a wretched condition. It is shown by a census taken early in the seventeenth century that in 1615 the entire population of Sheffield was but 2,207, of whom a full third were living on the charity of their neighbours.

An Act of Parliament, passed in 1624, incorporated the Cutlers' Company, with power to make regulations and enforce their observance by fines. Under the company's regulations the trade became freed from absurd restrictions, and grew so rapidly that by the beginning of the eighteenth century no less than six thousand workers in cutlery, besides several thousand other craftsmen, were employed in Sheffield and its neighbourhood. It was not, however, until the century was far advanced that the real importance of the Sheffield trade became fully appreciated. It was the opening up of better means of communication and carriage of goods that introduced the Sheffield wares to the markets of the world. As the demand for cutlery increased fresh workers came to the work,

and the population multiplied in proportion—the numbers, which in 1736 were little over 14,000, having risen in 1801 to nearly 46,000. From that date almost up to the present time the population and the wealth of the borough have increased in a corresponding rate. In 1871 the inhabitants numbered 239,946. As the prosperity of the town expanded the provisions of the Cutlers' Act fell useless, and in 1814 they were repealed by another Act, which left the Cutlers' Company the power only of protecting their trade, in which capacity it is of solid use. Every year the Master Cutler gives a dinner at his installation—a festival which is often attended by persons of rank, and sometimes by members of the cabinet.

Spite of its dense clouds of smoke, Sheffield is, on the whole, a cleanly town, owing to the sloping nature of the ground—the dirt and impurities which would otherwise accumulate being carried off by every fall of rain; while the suburbs, especially those on the western side, are really charming, commanding views of delightful scenery. The public buildings are many, and generally of fairly good design. Of ecclesiastical buildings the most ancient and interesting is the parish church of St. Peter's, which dates from the reign of the first Henry, though very little of the original fabric is now standing. In the Shrewsbury Chapel, forming the south-east angle of the structure, are some fine monuments, memorials of the Talbot family, together with others of a modern date, among which are two by Chantrey. In the chancel lies William Walker, said to have been the executioner of Charles I. The interior of St. Peter's furnishes accommodation for more than two thousand persons. St. Paul's, opened, in 1740, as a chapel-of-ease to St. Peter's, is in the Grecian style, and was enlarged and improved some twenty years ago. Five other churches were built during the century between 1740 and 1840, and since the provision made for church extension, when the borough was divided into twenty-five districts, no fewer than a score of churches have been erected in the town and neighbourhood. The Roman Catholic Church of St. Marie's, finished in 1850, is a noteworthy edifice, boasting a spire rising two hundred feet, a nave over a hundred feet in length, costly sculptures and carvings, and a font of rarest workmanship. There is also another Roman Catholic church, St. Vincent's, and a conventional establishment. The Wesleyans and the Dissenting bodies have numerous chapels both in the town and suburbs, many of them being handsome structures.

Of educational institutions, the most ancient is the Grammar School, founded in 1603, where boys are educated at a low charge. Others are the Collegiate School, erected in 1835; the School of Art, dating from 1841; the People's College, set on foot in 1842; the Church of England Educational Institute, and the Christian Educational Institute.

Of the public buildings the most noteworthy are the Town Hall; the Albert Hall, completed some three years since; the Masonic Hall, rebuilt, and reopened in 1877; the excellent markets, known as the New Market and the Shambles; the Cutlers' Hall, and the Atheneum. Many other creditable structures must be passed over.

The charitable institutions are about twenty-five in number, including hospitals, dispensaries, and infirmaries, etc., the oldest, the Shrewsbury Hospital, dating from 1616; the newest, the Ranmoor Alms-

houses, the gift of the late Mr. Mark Firth, having been opened in 1870.

The manufactures of Sheffield find a market not only throughout the whole kingdom, but are exported to every part of the world, and are prized wherever the products in steel or iron are in demand. They embrace not only cutlery, but tools of all kinds, agricultural implements, machines and machine-fittings, railway stock of all descriptions, plated goods, and a long list of other things, for which we must refer the reader to the manufacturers' catalogues. The steel trade, and the conversion of iron into steel, have grown into enormous proportions of late years. The old process of converting iron into steel occupied from fifteen to twenty days; by the newer method, invented by Mr. Bessemer some twenty odd years ago, the process of conversion is completed in half an hour. The old process, however, is still in operation, and will doubtless continue so, seeing that for certain manufactures of various kinds, which require metal of the closest texture, the new process is, as yet, not so well adapted.

But steel, by whichever method it is produced, is too loose in texture for fashioning into cutlery, or, indeed, into anything. To give it a closer and firmer grain it has to be subjected to vast pressure in rolling-mills, or beaten to a denser mass by powerful tilt-hammers, both of which operations are carried on with a din truly deafening. Under the rolling-mills it can be reduced to any degree of thinness, or, by means of channels cut in the circumference of the rollers, can be moulded to any convenient form. In dealing with large masses, the steam-hammer is used, which will deliver blows varying from a few ounces to several tons of force. The largest factories for the making of steel are situate in the outskirts of the town towards Brightside, and on the banks of the Don, and here, when trade is brisk, the business may be watched in all its stages. The use of steel instead of iron for making rails has now become common from the economical advantages it affords. Since the introduction of ironclads into the navy, the rolling of armour-plates for vessels of war has been carried on at Sheffield. Each armour-plate is formed of some hundred or more thin slabs of metal united into one solid substance by repeated heatings in the furnace and compression between rollers, by which they are gradually built up into huge masses only manageable by the united efforts of three to four score men. The operation of rolling this accumulated bulk for the last time is most striking. The glowing mass is drawn out of the dazzling furnace, and borne upon a carriage to the rollers, which stand twenty yards from its mouth; seized by the rollers it is forced between them, and in its passage through them loses considerably in thickness; then it is drawn back again, and this is repeated several times until the whole is compressed and thoroughly welded together. The plate is then flattened by rollers of vast weight passing over it. When cool it is smoothed by planing-machines, and is grooved at the edges that it may be fitted to its place on the vessel's side. These plates average over twenty feet in length, are four feet wide, and of almost any required thickness; occasionally they are made double the above weight, and even more.

The visitor who would acquire an adequate idea of Sheffield cutlery should resort to the Sheffield cutler's factory, where he will be ushered into a showroom, there to await the coming of the guide who is to con-

duct him through the works. Here he will see many triumphs of the cutler's art, as well as many things costly and curious not connected with it. Together with knives, razors, surgical instruments, and edge-tools of all kinds, he will see numerous articles in ivory and mother-of-pearl, in silver and silver-plate, and an assemblage of personal and toilet requisites fashioned from materials as various as are the articles themselves. One curious contrast we saw there was a dozen pair of scissors weighing altogether half a grain, and a single razor weighing a couple of hundredweight. On following the guide through the several departments it will be seen that the division-of-labour principle is carried out in a systematic way. One set of workers forge knife-blades; the forged blades pass to another set called "grinders," whose work is carried on amidst much whirling and rattling of machinery. From the grinders the blades go to the "markers," who stamp them with the trade mark of the firm. Then they pass to the "hardeners," who harden and temper them. Then they go back to the grinder, who now grinds them to a cutting edge. While the blade has been thus struggling into being, other sets of workers have been engaged in manufacturing the springs which lie at the back of the knife, the inner scales of brass or some other metal which enclose the blade when shut, and the outer scales or coverings of the knives, which are of very various material, either plain or ornamented. The several parts of the knives then are taken in hand by men who put them together, after which the finishing process of polishing fits them for the market. Of course, articles of elaborate workmanship cannot go through such regular routine as the above; the higher class of work is the product of individual labour and of varied talent and skill.

The making of files is carried on to a large extent in Sheffield. A file is first forged from the best steel at the anvil to the shape required, the forging being facilitated by the use of hard steel moulds, into which the glowing metal is hammered. The files are then ground, after which they pass to the cutters, who cut their teeth, the metal being as yet soft. This is rather an interesting process. The file-cutter sits at a low bench fronting the light, and bends attentively over his work. In the right hand he holds a hammer, and in the left a cutting-chisel, or punch. The file to be cut is held fast to the bench by means of straps passing over it and under the feet of the worker. Every blow of the hammer cuts a tooth, and not only cuts it, but by a dexterous manipulation of the tool, gives it a curve slightly out of the perpendicular. How many teeth a file-cutter cuts for sixpence we cannot say, but that this sort of dentistry is not very lucrative may be gathered from the fact that a round file may have twenty rows of cuts, with about a hundred teeth in the space of an inch, and shall be covered all over with teeth, and be sold retail for sixpence when all is done. When their teeth are cut the files are tempered and hardened to the greatest degree; they are then cleaned, lacquered, and finally packed in paper, free from moisture, and manufactured for the purpose. Being thus effectually protected from rust, they are ready for the home or foreign market. As file-cutting can be done anywhere, and can be carried on almost without capital, there are numbers of men who follow this trade in their cottage homes in the villages of the outskirts, most of them receiving work from the employers in the town.



A SCULPTOR OF THE OLDEN TIME.

B. S. Marks, R.A.

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ALBRECHT PIT.

FRAU BAUER, Max Bruckmann's good landlady, was a Swiss by birth, and widow of a miner, who was killed four years previously in one of those accidents which make a miner's life so precarious. She was allowed a small annual pension of thirty dollars, and, in addition, the wages of her boy Carl,

comfortable suit of dark green cloth, made from an old one of his father's, and kept all the week in the big deal cupboard, and then set to work to admire her boy, an occupation of which she never tired, for she thought him the handsomest in the world.

When the layer of coal dust was washed off, Carl

was really as good-looking as most boys. His golden silky locks, his pleasant blue eyes, well suited his fair complexion, but he was altogether too small for his age. His sunless life made him as white as a turnip, and had Dr. Sarrasin's compte-globules been applied to the blood of the young miner, it would probably have revealed that he possessed a very insufficient quantity.

In character he was rather silent and quiet, with some of that pride which the feeling of constant danger, the habit of regular work, and the satisfaction of difficulties overcome, gives to all miners.

His greatest happiness was to sit near his mother at the square table in their little kitchen, and arrange in a box a large number of

frightful insects brought from the bowels of the earth. The warm and equal atmosphere of the mines has its special fauna, little known by naturalists, just as the damp walls of the pits have their flora of curious mosses, mushrooms, and lichens.

The engineer, Maulesmülhe, who was fond of entomology, had remarked this, and had promised a small reward for each new specimen that Carl brought him. This, which had at first led the boy to explore all the recesses of the mine, had gradually taught him to be a collector. He now sought for insects on his own account.

However, he did not limit his affections to spiders



MAX OFFERS HIS HELP.

Carl's young life was passed, therefore, almost entirely, fifteen hundred feet below the surface of the earth. All day he kept watch by his door, all night he slept on a bed of straw, near his horses. On Sunday mornings only did he return to the light of day, to revel for a few short hours in the universal blessing of the sun, the blue sky, and his mother's smile.

As may be imagined, after such a week, on coming up from the pit he was hardly what would be called presentable. Indeed he was more like a young gnome, a sweep, or a negro, than anything else. Frau Bauer had always a large supply of hot water and soap ready, and devoted a good hour, the first thing, to scrubbing him. She next dressed him in a

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and wood-lice. He was on intimate terms with two bats and a big rat. If he was to be believed, these three animals were the most intelligent and amiable creatures in the world; even more intellectual than the horses with long silky manes and shining sides, of which Carl always spoke in terms of warm admiration.

Blair-Athol was chief favourite, the eldest in the stable, a philosophical old horse, who had been for six years fifteen hundred feet below the level of the sea, and had all that time never seen the light of day. He was now nearly blind.

But how well he knew his way along the subterranean labyrinth, when to turn to the right or when to the left, as he drew his trucks, without ever missing a step! He always stopped at the right time before the trap, leaving just room enough to open it. In what a friendly way did he neigh, morning and evening, at the exact minute when it was time for his provender to be brought him. How good, how obedient, how gentle, he was!

"I declare, mother, he really gives me a kiss, by rubbing his cheek against mine, when I put my head near him," said Carl. "And he is wonderfully useful besides, mind you, for he is just like a clock; without him we should never know whether it was night or day, morning or evening."

So chattered the boy, and Dame Bauer listened to him with delight. She, too, loved Blair-Athol as much as her son did, and never failed to send him a lump of sugar. She would have given anything to go and see the old servant her husband had known, and at the same time visit the dismal place where poor Bauer's body—black as ink, carbonised by the fire-damp—had been found after the explosion. But women are not admitted into the mines, and she had to be satisfied with the vivid descriptions given by her son.

Ah! she knew that mine well—that great dark pit to which her husband went down, and never returned. How many times she had waited near the yawning mouth, eighteen feet in diameter, looking along the walling of freestone, gazing at the oaken frame-work to which the corves were drawn up by cables and pulleys of steel—visited the out-works, the engine-shed, the scorer's hut, and the rest! How many times had she warmed herself at the glowing brazier where the miners dry their garments on emerging from the pit, and the impatient smokers light their pipes! How familiar she was with all the noise and activity of the place!

The receivers who unhooked the loaded corves—the sorters, washers, engine-men, stokers—she had watched them all at work over and over again.

What she could not see, and yet could always picture with the eyes of affection, was what happened when the basket sank down, carrying its cluster of workmen, with formerly her husband, and now her only child among them.

She could hear their voices and laughter growing fainter and fainter in the depths, and finally ceasing altogether. In her thoughts she followed that frail basket as it was lowered—down, down the narrow chimney, fifteen, eighteen hundred feet, fourteen times the height of the great pyramid—till it arrived at the bottom, and the men hastened off to their work.

She imagined them all dispersing to different parts of the subterranean town, some to the right, some to the left—pickers, armed with strong pickaxes to

attack the blocks of coal; shorers, to bank up places whence the coal had been hollowed; carpenters, to put up wood-work; labourers, to repair the roads and lay down rails; masons, to cement the roofs.

A wide central gallery led from this shaft to another, a ventilator about a mile distant. At right angles from this spread secondary roads; and in parallel lines, smaller ones again. These roads were separated by walls and pillars of coal or rock. All was regular, square, solid, black!

And this labyrinth of roads was alive with half-naked miners, working, talking, laughing, by the light of their safety-lamps.

All this Dame Bauer could see, as she sat alone, dreaming, beside her fire.

Among the numerous galleries, the one she oftenest imagined to herself was where her boy Carl opened and shut his door.

When evening came, the day workmen went up, to be replaced by others; but her boy did not go with the rest to take his place in the basket. He went off to the stable, patted his beloved Blair-Athol, and gave him his supper of oats and fresh hay. Then he ate his own little cold supper, which had been sent to him, played for a few minutes with his big pet rat, caught and stroked the two bats as they fluttered about him, and then was soon fast asleep on his heap of straw.

Well did the fond mother know all this, and much she loved to hear every incident of her boy's daily life.

"Mother, what do you think Mr. Maulesmülhe, the engineer, said to me yesterday? He said that if I gave correct answers to some questions in arithmetic which he would put to me one of these days, he would take me to hold the land-chain when he surveys the mine with his compass. It seems they are going to pierce a new gallery, to join the Weber shaft, and he will find it uncommonly difficult to bring it out in the right place!"

"Really!" cried Dame Bauer with delight; "did Mr. Maulesmülhe say that?" And already she imagined her Carl holding the chain along the gallery, whilst the engineer, note-book in hand, set down figures, and his eyes fixed on the compass, ordered the direction of the opening.

"Unluckily," continued Carl, "I have nobody to explain what I don't understand in my arithmetic, and I'm much afraid I shall not answer correctly."

At this point, Max, who was silently smoking by the fireside, which place, as a lodger in the house, he had the privilege of occupying, joined in the conversation, and said to the boy:

"If you like to show me what you find difficult, perhaps I can give you a helping hand."

"You?" said Dame Bauer with some incredulity.

"Certainly," replied Max. "Do you think I learn nothing at the evening class to which I go regularly after supper? The master is very pleased with me, and says he will make me a monitor."

This settled, Max brought from his room a clean paper copy-book, and seating himself by the lad, explained the difficult sum with so much clearness that the astonished Carl managed it easily.

From that day Dame Bauer showed more consideration for her lodger, and Max, instead of dreamily smoking, took a great interest in his little companion.

In the factory, Max showed himself an exemplary workman, and was not long in being promoted to the second, and then to the first class. Every morning he

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

was at the O gate punctually at seven o'clock. Every evening, after his supper, he repaired to the class taught by the engineer Trubner. Geometry, algebra, drawing of diagrams and machines—he attacked them all with equal ardour; and his progress was so rapid that his master was much struck by it. Two months from his entry into the Schultz manufactory, the young workman was already noted as one of the cleverest intellects, not only in the A section, but in all Stahlstadt. A report of his engineer, sent up at the end of the quarter, bore this formal mention:

"Schwartz (Johann) twenty-six, working castor of the first class. I wish to bring this man before the notice of the Directors, as quite above the average, in three respects, theoretical knowledge, practical skill, and remarkable genius for invention."

But something more than this was required to draw the attention of the chiefs to Max. It was not long in coming; though unfortunately it was under the most tragical circumstances.

One Sunday morning, Max, much astonished at hearing ten o'clock strike without his young friend Carl having appeared, went down to ask Dame Bauer if she knew any reason for this delay. He found her very uneasy; Carl ought to have been at home two hours and more. Seeing her anxiety, Max offered to go and look after him, and set off in the direction of the Albrecht shaft.

He met several miners on the way, and inquired from them if they had seen the boy; then, on receiving a negative reply, exchanging the "Glück auf!" (Success to you! safe return!), which is the usual salutation of German pitmen, Max continued his walk.

About eleven o'clock he reached the head of the Albrecht shaft. It was not noisy and animated, as on a week day; there was only one young "milliner"—as the miners jokingly call the sorters of the coal—chatting with the watchman, whose duty kept him, even on this day, at the pit's mouth.

"Have you seen little Carl Bauer, number 41,902,

come up this morning?" asked Max of this functionary.

The man consulted his list, and shook his head.

"Is there any other outlet to the mine?"

"No, this is the only one; the new shaft to the north is not yet finished."

"Then is the boy below?"

"He must be; though it's an odd thing, too, for on Sundays only the five watchmen should be left."

"Can I go down to find out?"

"Not without permission."

"There may have been an accident," put in the milliner.

"Not possible on Sunday."

"All the same," said Max, "I must find out what has become of that boy."

"You must speak to the overseer of machinery in his office, if he is still there."

The overseer, dressed in his Sunday best, with a shirt collar as stiff as if it had been made out of tin, was fortunately still at his accounts. He was an intelligent and humane man, and at once entered into Max's anxiety.

"We will go immediately, and see what he is doing."

And ordering the man on duty to be ready to pay away the cable, he prepared to descend into the mine with the young workman.

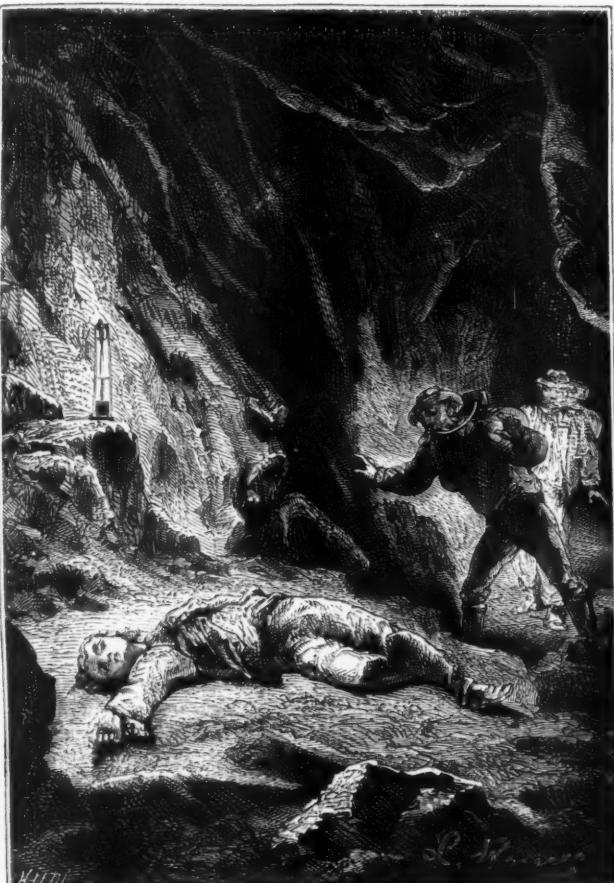
"Have you not the Galibert ap-

paratus?" asked Max. "It may be useful."

"You are right. One can never be sure what has occurred at the bottom of the pit."

Saying this, the overseer took from a cupboard two zinc reservoirs, similar to the urns which the street cocoa-sellers in Paris carry on their backs. These were boxes of compressed air, placed in communication with the lips by means of two india-rubber tubes, the horn mouthpiece being held between the teeth. They are filled with the aid of peculiar bellows, constructed to empty themselves completely. The nose being held in wooden pincers, a man may, thus supplied with a store of air, penetrate into the most unbreathable atmosphere.

These preparations completed, the overseer and



POOR LITTLE CARL.

Max took their places in the basket, the cable moved, and the descent began.

Two small electric lamps shed some degree of light around, and the men conversed together as they were lowered into the depths of the earth.

"For a man not in the business you are a cool hand," remarked the overseer. "I've seen people who couldn't summon up courage enough to go down; or if they did, they crouched like rabbits at the bottom of the basket all the time."

"Really," answered Max, "it seems nothing to me; though it's true I have been down a coal mine two or three times before."

They were soon landed at the foot of the shaft. The watchman whom they found there had seen nothing of young Carl.

They first visited the stable; the horses were there alone, and appeared quite tired of their own company. At least such was the conclusion to be drawn from the neigh with which Blair-Athol greeted the approach of the three human figures. On a nail hung Carl's knapsack, and in a corner, beside a curry-comb, lay his arithmetic book.

Max remarked directly that his lantern was not there, a fresh proof that the boy must be still in the mine.

"He may have been hurt by a landslip," said the overseer, "but it is scarcely probable. What can he have been doing in the galleries on a Sunday?"

"Oh! perhaps he went to hunt for some insects before going up," said the watchman. "It is quite a passion with him."

The stable-boy, who arrived in the midst of this discussion, confirmed this supposition. He had seen Carl start at seven o'clock with his lantern.

A regular search was immediately commenced. The other watchmen were called, and each one, with his lantern, told off in a different direction pointed out to him on a large plan of the mine, that every tunnel and gallery might be thoroughly examined.

In two hours the whole mine had been gone through, and the seven men met again at the foot of the shaft. There had not been the least appearance of a landslip found anywhere, nor the least trace of Carl. The overseer perhaps influenced by an increasing appetite, inclined to the opinion that the boy had passed out unperceived, and would by this time be at his home. But Max, convinced of the contrary, insisted on renewed exertions.

"What is that?" he asked, pointing to a dotted region on the plan, resembling, in the midst of the adjacent minuteness, those terræ incognitæ marked on the confines of the arctic continents.

"That is the zone provisionally deserted, because of the thinning of the bed," replied the overseer.

"Is there a deserted zone? We must look there!" exclaimed Max, with a decision to which the other men submitted.

They were not long in reaching the entrance to some galleries which, to judge by the slimy and mouldy walls, might have been deserted for many years.

They had proceeded for some time without coming upon anything suspicious, when Max stopped and said,—

"Do you not feel stupefied, and attacked with headache?"

"Why, yes, indeed we do!" answered his companions.

"So do I," resumed Max; "for a moment I felt

quite giddy. There is certainly carbonic acid gas about. Will you allow me to light a match?" he asked of the overseer.

"By all means, my lad; strike away."

Max took his little box from his pocket, struck a match, and stooping, held it towards the ground, upon which it instantly went out.

"I was sure of it," he remarked. "The gas being more heavy than the air, lies close to the ground. You must not stay here; I mean those who have not the Galibert apparatus. If you like, sir, we can continue the search alone."

This being agreed to, Max and the overseer each took between his teeth the mouthpiece of his air-box, placed the nippers on his nostrils, and boldly penetrated into a succession of old galleries.

In a quarter of an hour they came out to renew the air in their reservoirs. This done, they started again.

On the third trial their efforts were crowned with success. The faint bluish light of an electric lamp was seen far off in the darkness. They hastened to it.

At the foot of the damp wall, motionless and already cold, lay poor little Carl. His blue lips and sunken eyes told what had happened.

He had evidently wished to pick up something from the ground, had stooped, and been literally drowned in the carbonic acid gas.

Every effort to recall him to life was in vain. He must have been already dead four or five hours. By the next evening there was another little grave in the cemetery of Stahlstadt, and poor Dame Bauer was bereaved of her child as well as of her husband.

UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS AND SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

CHAPTER VIII.—COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES IN NORTH AMERICA
(continued).

THE seceders who had left Rapp's colony at Economy, under the leadership of the adventurer who called himself Count Leon, soon quarrelled with the latter, who managed to run away to Louisiana. Left thus without a head, they were glad to find a new leader in Dr. Keil,* a mystic who had passed through various stages of religious fanaticism, and now had gathered round him a small band of simple-minded Germans for the purpose of establishing a Communistic settlement like that of Rapp, without, however, adopting celibacy. Bethel, in Missouri, was chosen as their rallying-point, and soon the little community, possessed, indeed, of slender means, but of thrifty and energetic habits, began to grow in prosperity.

* He was a native of Prussia, and originally a man-milliner, but became a mystic and professed to cure diseases by means of magnetism. After living some time in New York he came to Pittsburg, and started as a physician, and showed, it is said, some knowledge of botany. He also professed to be the owner of a mysterious volume, written with human blood, and containing receipts for medicines, etc., that enabled him, as he professed, to cure various diseases. Presently he became a Methodist, and thereupon burnt this book with certain awe-inspiring formalities. He left the Methodists to form a sect of his own, and it is even related that he gave himself out as a being to be worshipped, and later as one of the two witnesses in the Book of Revelation. In this capacity he gave public notice that on a certain day, after a fast of forty days, he would be slain in the presence of his followers.

See Nordhoff, "Communistic Societies of the United States," p. 306. Mr. Nordhoff also conversed with him. After describing his personal appearance (p. 318), he says: "I thought I could perceive a fanatic, certainly a person of a very determined, impetuous will, united to a narrow creed."

When Bethel had grown into a settled community, Keil, with the peculiar restlessness of his character, set out, accompanied by a few families, to Oregon, to found here, in the midst of the prairies, the new colony of Aurora. The Communists of Aurora possess at this moment 8,000 acres of land, with lovely orchards and vineyards, saw-mills and tanneries, and other industries, and are happy and contented after working together harmoniously after twenty years' trial of Communism. "Dutch Town," as the settlement is called by the Americans, is regarded as the paradise of Oregon, and the Aurora people are said to "have everything nice about them." All government is parental, and Dr. Keil is the ruling patriarch, with unlimited power. All the members work for the general welfare, and draw the means of living from the general treasury. But each family has its own house, or separate apartment, in one of the large buildings. Keil, who is their spiritual director as well as their economic leader, insists upon community of goods as the corollary of the fundamental precept of Christianity: "Love one another." "All selfish accumulation is wrong; contrary to God's law and natural laws."

Bethel in its main features resembles Aurora, and has a deputy-governor, appointed by Keil. Of both settlements, it has been said "that, considering what these people are, it cannot be denied that they lived better in community than they would have lived by individual effort."

Another exodus of religious enthusiasts from Germany, who called themselves the "True Inspirationists,"* settled in 1842 near Buffalo, which they called Eben-Ezer. Presently, the land occupied proving insufficient for their purposes, in 1855, "commanded by inspiration," they removed to their present home in Iowa, which they call by the Scriptural name Amana, occurring in the Song of Solomon. They were not Communists originally in their own country, but adopted this mode of life because "we were commanded at this time, by inspiration, to put all our means together and live in community, and we soon saw that we could not have got on or kept together on any other plan."

This Amana community consists now of seven villages. The people live in separate houses but eat in common.

Although misogamists, warned by one of their teachers to "fly from intercourse with women, as a very highly dangerous magnet and magical fire," they do not all escape matrimony, but follow the ordinary course of choice and courtship, which culminates in marriage, as in the case of other mortals not claiming to be inspired. Marriage, however, degrades them from a higher to a lower position in the commonwealth. The society numbers 1,450 members, and owns 25,000 acres of land, carries on agriculture and manufacture, and is highly prosperous. Street cars now run over the ground which thirty years ago was covered with a dense forest, and fertile fields and gardens are spread over the 30,000

acres cleared by the Inspirationists. It is "the largest and richest community in the United States," says Mr. Noyes. "The people of Amana appeared to me a remarkably quiet, industrious, and contented population; honest, and of good repute among their neighbours; very kindly; and with religion so thoroughly and largely made a part of their lives, that they may be called a religious people," is the testimony of Mr. Nordhoff.

We pass over the "Separatists" of Zoar, who, like the Rappists, belonged originally to Würtemburg, and, after many vicissitudes in the stranger's land, by dint of energy and perseverance, settled in the midst of pathless prairies, succeeded to turn a wilderness into a prosperous colony, and by systematic and associated labour and frugality acquired competency if not affluence.

Having given some account of settlements owing their origin either to English or German enterprise, we come now to treat of a society which was originally formed by Americans, and consists mainly of American born subjects—the "Perfectionists" of Oneida, and their branch society at Wallingford, in Connecticut.

Its members are descendants of New England Puritans, who, after remaining under the influence of religious revivals, and at the same time attracted towards the Communistic theory which the Fourierist movement was spreading in America, were formed into a Perfectionist community, under the leadership of John Humphrey Noyes. Noyes was born in Brattleboro', Vermont, in 1811, of respectable parentage and collegiate training. His adherents at first were few, and these, as in the case of Mohammed, members of his own household. But by degrees other communities, in sympathy with him, sprung up in the United States, and the followers of Noyes joined one of them, the "Brook Farm" community, founded by Unitarian Transcendentalists; and thus, from a conjunction between the Revivalism of Orthodoxy and the Socialism of Unitarianism, was formed in 1848 the Oneida settlement in Madison County, New York. The amalgamated society acquired forty acres of land "on which stood an unpainted frame dwelling-house, an abandoned Indian hut, and an old Indian saw-mill. They owed for this property 2,000 dollars. The place was neglected, without cultivation, and the people were so poor that for some time they had to sleep on the floor in the garret."

Still the followers of Noyes were not left without means, and in 1857 the members of all the associated communes had brought in the considerable sum of 107,706 dollars. They had to struggle against enormous difficulties, and to brave a hostile public opinion in the outside world. This they overcame bravely by their energy and persevering efforts, and the remarkable excellence of their workmanship. Turning to agriculture and horticulture as their mainstay for income, they by degrees added trades and manufactures in the course of time. In 1876 they had acquired 654 acres of land near Oneida, and 240 at Wallingford, laid out in orchards, vineyards, meadows, pasture and wood lands. The number of persons in both places together amounted at the same time to 283. They also employ a large number of hired servants. Some of the members are lawyers, clergymen, merchants, physicians, teachers, but the majority are New England farmers and mechanics. They were moreover people of superior culture, to judge from the style and tone of the newspapers and other publications of the community, and from

* This sect is so called because of its belief in direct inspiration from heaven, and the "work of inspiration" is said to have begun far back in the eighteenth century. In 1749, 1772, and 1776 there were special demonstrations. In 1816 Michael Krausert, a tailor of Strasburg, became what they call "an instrument." Others were added, and finally Barbara Heynemann, a "poor illiterate servant-maid" an Alsatian. It was revealed to Christian Metz, who for many years was the spiritual head of the society, in 1842, that all the congregations should be gathered together and led far away out of their own country, and America was pointed out as their future home. Accordingly they went, 350 persons strong first, and others followed rapidly until their number reached 1,000, spread over different villages.

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the first they have attached much importance to the influence of the Press.

Their name is derived from the religious dogma that total cessation from sin is closely connected with the institution of common life, and that human perfectibility and social regeneration go hand in hand. As the resurrection from the death of sin to the life of righteousness is not only a possible but a necessary condition of Perfectionism, so Communism is "the social state of the resurrection." The Church on the earth now rising to meet the approach of the Kingdom of God, is their own society, which administrates or represents the future perfect state of the society in heaven. Perfect holiness is the connecting link between the Church below and that above, and is the power by which the Kingdom of God is to be finally established in the world at large.

"Regeneration or salvation from sin, is the incipient state of the resurrection," we are told by Noyes. But we are rather shocked presently in discovering that among the signs of this incipient state of ultimate perfection is not only self-abnegation as to the rights of private property, but also the entire abrogation of the relationship between husband and wife. But like the Anabaptists, who taught similar doctrines, the Oneida Communists insist on self-denial and self-restraint, averring that "they must be Perfectionists before they are Communists." That stage having been reached, they affirm that there is "no intrinsic difference between property in person and property in things," and "complex marriage" becomes a necessary element in their reorganisation of society, but coarse self-indulgence is discouraged, and every form of selfishness is most rigorously discountenanced.

It is probably owing to the violation of these tender ties of family life that the appearance of the children, though healthy, struck the traveller as "subdued and desolate, as though they missed the exclusive love and care of a father and mother," and the lack of buoyancy, confidence, and gladness observable in children of other communities. After they are weaned, the children of Oneida, on Communist principles, are removed from their mothers and placed into nurseries by themselves, and only join the elder people at their meals, sitting, however, at a table by themselves.

At Oneida the daily life is simple and steadily industrious, though not by any means very laborious at present. "Mere drudgery they nowadays put upon their hired people." Their common dwelling-house is a large building, not without some architectural pretensions. It stands in the middle of a pleasant lawn, near the main road. The interior arrangements are good, and possess many modern improvements. On the second floor there is a large hall, used for the evening gatherings of the community, furnished with a stage for musical and dramatic performances. On the ground floor is a parlour for visitors, and a library with files of newspapers and about 4,000 volumes of books.

On each storey there are two large family rooms, and round them are situated the sleeping chambers. Above the dining-room is the printing-office. Opposite this building, which has something of the characteristic of a Fourierist Phalanstère and an American hotel, there are the offices, school building, lecture-room, and chymical laboratory; farther on a carpenters' shop, a silk-dye house, and a small factory for the employment of children. There is also a

large and conveniently-arranged laundry. The factories and workshops are situated at the distance of a mile; and a dwelling for thirty or forty of the Communists, having the oversight of the works, is erected on the spot. The Oneida farm is in excellent order, and the lawn before the main building, sheltered by plantations of ornamental trees, is a favourite resort for picnic parties coming from a distance.

The principle of administration is to do nothing without the general consent of the people. There are twenty-one standing committees on finance, and in addition to these, there are forty-eight departments for the general administration of the society's works. Women equally with men serve at committees. "Business boards" meet every week to discuss the secretary's report, and once a year there is a general meeting to consider the affairs of the society. They do not despise accomplishments, but send some of their young women to New York to receive musical instruction, and their young men to the Yale Scientific School, and other departments of that university, for their mental improvement. All cultivate vocal and instrumental music. The education committee superintend evening classes, and, together with the ordinary studies, they also teach French, Latin, and geology. The Perfectionists, so far from yielding to those stationary or retrogressive tendencies supposed to be inherent to Communistic bodies, have been the inventors of improvements in the manufacture of their silk industry and other machinery, and have mastered difficult problems in their complicated enterprises, which prove them to be capable of industrial progress.

All members are subject to a system of mutual criticism, a measure resorted to in order to secure the good government of the community. Meetings are held every evening, which all are expected to attend, and thus afford opportunities for exhortation and necessary reproof to be administered to members of the society. They have found this system work well, and assert that a "criticism cure" is almost as effectual as their "prayer cure." It has been suggested that mutual criticism serves mainly the purpose of counteracting the pride of mental pre-eminence and the consciousness of superior talent, which at all times is a standing danger to the carrying out of the equality principle.

Fourier's suggestion of constant change in occupation is carried out, and the principle is extended even to other things, so as to avoid sameness and crystalized habits in the community.

There is a committee which provides for the amusement of the Perfectionists, who may be seen disporting themselves in some secluded spot near the Oneida Lake, hunting, fishing, swimming, and rowing and skating like other people less perfect than themselves.

The society, after many vicissitudes, having now reached a high degree of prosperity, does not admit any new members to share the advantages enjoyed by themselves after years of struggle and self-denial, and in this respect resembles the more egotistical people of the outside world who decline sharing their hard-earned possessions with others. In this limitation it is not like the Primitive Christian Church, which it professes to follow. In fact it appears from this restriction in the carrying out of the Communistic idea, that even among the Perfectionists, whose Communism has become the chief article of a religious creed, the interest of self-preservation proves too strong for human nature, and that it is

next to impossible to obliterate altogether the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*.

In concluding this paper, we cannot help adding a few reasons for the partial success of those settlements which have passed under review. The first and foremost among them is the power of religious enthusiasm, which at first binds such societies together into a common brotherhood, a union cemented by common sufferings and common hopes, and maintained through all the changes and chances of life by a common belief, which separates the community from the rest of the world. They believe in a special providence guiding their affairs, and so therefore readily acquiesce in social regulations and restrictions for the commonweal, however irksome and unpalatable to the individual, because they are regarded as Divine appointments.

Again, but for times of excitement, the additional members required to fill up gaps in the communities would not be forthcoming. Religious revivals (or movements, so called), said Elder Frederick to Mr. Nordhoff, are "the hotbeds of Shakerism." "Our proper dependence for increase is in the Spirit of God working outside." So, on the other hand, the check on over-population by means of celibacy, or, as in the case of the Perfectionists, the "scientific" adjustment of population by State regulations to avoid economic embarrassment, becomes only possible in a society where self-discipline, passive endurance, and abstemious virtue, arising from strong convictions, can be relied upon.

Another cause of success is the sterling and almost brilliant capacity of most of the original leaders of those engaged in these Utopian experiments. Father Rapp in his dignified composure and unrivalled genius for organisation, and John Humphrey Noyes with his superior culture and keen perception of human character, are striking instances of this great advantage. On the other hand, where the leaders have been men of inferior power, the past progress of the society has been much less extensive, their present condition less prosperous, and their future prospect is less encouraging, as was the case at one time with the Separatists at Zoar, founded by Joseph Bäumeler in 1816. "While he had strength," we are told by an eye-witness Dr. Jacobi, "all went on seemingly v-ry well; but as his strength began to fail, the whole concern went on slowly. I arrived the week after his death. The members looked like a flock of sheep who had lost their shepherd."

But what is still more important to notice is the fact that most of the commercial successes of the settlements must be attributed to the fact that they are trading communities, and that in a new country where the demand generally exceeds the supply, so to speak, in constant communication with the outer capitalistic world, and so in fact owing their prosperity to the existence of a larger society resting on the old foundation, and so depending on the competition and egotistic principle as supplementary to their own Socialism. But not only are all surplus commodities sold to these outsiders, but the drudgery work of the Communistic society is in most cases, now at least, performed by hirelings drawn from the same source, so that the main social problems which make the introduction of Communism so difficult—*i.e.*, How the commercial risks of society may be forestalled and the lowest work of drudgery be provided for in a society of equals wanting the ordinary stimulus of exertion—have not as yet been solved by these Fraternities.

Moreover, the smallness of the scale on which the experiments have been made in these Utopian establishments leaves it an open question whether the same principles would be applicable to society at large, especially since Montesquieu's saying is an acknowledged truism among Communists themselves, that such commonwealths are scarcely practicable in larger States.

The great lesson, however, taught by the success of these social republics is the inestimable value of association labour, and the beneficial results arising from co-operative production.

Varieties.

KILLED BY A STEEL PEN.—Several German papers announce the death of Herr Franz Mötz, parish priest at Puchkirchen, in Styria, from a wound caused by a steel pen. He had a careless habit of leaving his pens in the inkstand with the point sticking upwards. In replacing a book on his writing-table, near the inkstand, he inadvertently struck with the palm of his hand a rusty pen thus sticking upwards. The hand was slightly wounded, but it seemed so insignificant an affair that he took no heed. Next day, however, he felt seriously ill, and the doctor declared it was a case of blood-poisoning. On the third day the hand and arm were swollen as high up as the shoulder, and after suffering great pain during eight weeks he died.

"WIRE BACK."—Much amusement was caused in Court one day on a case being called, *Wilson v. Munnoch*. Vice-Chancellor Bacon stated that he had received the following telegram from the defendant in this case in that day's list: "Shall you require my presence in London to-morrow? Wire back." His lordship asked whether any member of the bar was in Court representing the gentleman who wanted to be "wired back." Mr. Hemming, Q.C., who was retained on behalf of the defendant, apologised for him, saying he "was afraid Mr. Munnoch was not as well informed of the proprieties of a court of justice as he ought to be," but he (Mr. Hemming) would take care he should be in future. His lordship: "Then I must hand him and the telegram over to you."

STREET DRINK-STALLS IN SEVILLE.—Here and there, wherever the irregularity of the buildings provides a corner sheltered from the traffic, little stalls with picturesque awnings are established, at which a great variety of refreshing and cheap beverages are dispensed to the ever thirsty crowd. It is a curious study for the Englishman, whose mind is troubled by the great drink question, to stand and watch the trade of these little establishments. They are more frequented than the wine-shops, and are considered more respectable; in fact, all classes indulge in the cheap and excellent drinks provided. These consist of a multitude of syrups mixed with very cold water; of lemenade or orangeade, made with the fruit itself, and in your presence; or of *orchata*, a delicious mixture of crushed almonds and sugar, which, when dissolved in water, converts it into a milky substance, and imparts a most delicate and refreshing flavour. In all this we have no wine, and still less spirits. Even tea and coffee would be considered too exciting for constant consumption while out of doors in the hot streets. Yet we have seen many times magnificent men—toreadors and others, gipsies, horse-tamers—men, in fact, addicted to athletic exercise, leap off their horses and drink with the utmost satisfaction one of these innocent decoctions. But few of them would have accepted, even if offered, anything stronger.—*Builder*.

EXECUTION OF CONVICTED CRIMINALS.—It is admitted on all hands that the substitution of private for public execution has had good effect on public morals, but the sensational reports of "gentlemen of the press" have largely checked the good influence of this change, and the Sheriffs of Counties have in some cases wisely used the power committed to them for the exclusion of "reporters." The Act of Parliament requires that at each execution the sheriff, governor, surgeon, chaplain, and officers of the gaol have to be present, and that afterwards there must be an inquest held upon the body. This is surely enough to satisfy all the ends of justice, and no more could be sought except for gratifying the cupidity of newspaper proprietors and the morbid curiosity of the lowest grade of newspaper readers.

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